

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text.

Taboo

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Taboo by [Kittykat_LoverofFandoms](#)

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Angst, Gen, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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Summary:

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Slowly everyone forgot about that summer apart of me. We all slowly stop talking started to drift away and forget.

Bev was the first to go. She was taken out of the care of her dad in into her aunts. I am thankful for that. She is the safe now. To her IT was not the only monster in Derry. She was gone before school had started again. She never come back

Mike's grandfather needed him on the farm and promise him next year. By the time next year come we all were different.

Eddie slowly when back to his old habits taking the placebos' worrying about catching some infection or disease that he heard about or his mother told him about. After a bad panic attack his mother pulled him out of school when he was fifteen.

Richie didn't stay long after that. One day his he finally had enough of his father temper and his mother drinking and after Eddie stop coming to school. He just pack up and left Derry. On one noses where he when.

Ben left after his seventeenth, his grandma got sick his mother move back to her hometown in the mid-west. He mostly kept to himself at school.

Bill slowly come to terms with Georgie's death and soon he stop hating himself but he stop looking at him in the eye.

I left the straight after graduation and never looked back.

Slowly they forgot about the IT and the sewers and what they saw. But no me I never can because of the scars.

All of us have our scars on our hands and feel the sadness when we look at them. At school they gave each other sad smiles and look down but no one for look at me for long and I know why. The scars IT had left me right around my face they never left. I feel the unevenness of the skin when I run my hands over them. I never look at myself in the mirror but I know they are there. I can feel everyone eye burning into me. The last scars I have are my own doing on my wrists and arms in no order just scatted around.

I always wonder why we never talked about it but then it hits me.

Why we couldn't, how could we bring IT up? Soon IT started to become taboo in our minds but I never could.

Every night I awoke screaming in pain the feeling of scarp teeth and bright lights. I still hear the flutes and sometimes a twisted laugh.

We all try hard to forget IT and most of us did but we also forgot each other.